

Misplaced Feelings (updated 25 July 2000)

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Summary: Willow does a spell wrong, and it lands her into a heap of trouble!

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Willow peeked around the shelf nervously. There was no one in sight.

< Good. >

> <br> She tiptoed around the stacks of books, arms filled with the bulky objects she desperately did \*not\* want anyone to find her with.

> <br> She was almost there. Just another ten or so feet to the door and she was free...

> <br> "Willow?"

> <br> With a loud shriek, the hacker whirled around, and her books went flying. "Angel!" she yelped, eyes wide. "You \*scared\* me!"

> <br> "Obviously," he said, with the quirk of one dark eyebrow. He bent down to pick up the books she had dropped, and before Willow could stop him, he glanced at the titles.

> <br> "What the... 'Incantations of Love'?" he said aloud as he read the titles. "'How To Bring Your Lover Back'? 'Love Spells'? Willow, what are you doing?"

> <br> She snatched the books from his hands. "That's none of your business!" she exclaimed, blushing furiously.

> <br> "But why -- are you trying to bring Oz back by magic?" he demanded.

> <br> Willow drew herself up indignantly. "No! Of course not! Th-that would be stupid! And I'm not! Stupid, that is."

> <br> "Then why all the spell books?"

> <br> "Um...would you believe they're research for Giles?"

> <br> "No."

> <br> "Amy?"

> <br> "Who -- no."

> <br> "Spells for my parents?"

> <br> "From what Buffy's told me, your parents are the last people you'd offer to do a spell for. You \*are\* trying to get Oz back, aren't you?"

> <br> Willow tried to meet his gaze, but failed. She dropped her

head and stared at the ground miserably. "All I want is to have him back," she whispered. "I love him. So what if I'm using a spell to...to help him along? And what are you doing here anyway? It's daytime," she said, looking up, hoping to distract him. "You should be doing...whatever it is you do in the day."

> <br> "I was looking for Buffy. And Giles, too," he added, fixing her with a glare, and not taking the bait. "Not that it's any of your business. And just what kind of spell were you planning to do?"

> <br> Instead of intimidating her, as he obviously planned to do, Angel's high-handed manner had the opposite effect: Willow got angry.

> <br> "That's none of *\*your\** business," she snapped, giving him a rather evil glare of her own. "And Buffy's not here. Or Giles. He went to pick up some books, and Buffy went home. Which is where *\*I'm\** going."

> <br> "You're going to Buffy's house?"

> <br> "No! I'm going to *\*my\** house!" Willow turned around and began to head out. When she reached the library doors, she looked back over her shoulder. "Angel, I know you mean the best, but I *\*know\** what I'm doing." Then her eyes hardened. "But *\*don't\** tell Buffy or Giles. They'll try to stop me, and that's *\*not\** what I want-- *\*or\** need." With one last look, she pushed open the doors and hurried down the hall. Bemused, Angel stared after her.

> <br> "What a strange girl."

> <br> \*\*\*\*\*

> <br> Willow wasn't stupid. She may have had temporary lapses of sanity every once in a while, but she wasn't stupid. She *\*knew\** Angel would tell Buffy or Giles as soon as he was able. It just depended on who he saw first.

> <br> < That's why I'm going to do the spell as soon as I get home.

>

> <br> Fortunately, her parents were away -- again . She wouldn't have to worry about them banging on the door when she was in the middle of a spell, wondering what she was doing. Her dad had done that last time, and the relaxation incantation Willow had been doing turned into something quite different. She still blushed when she remembered that particular incident.

> <br> Willow hadn't known then what the opposite of relaxation could be. If you had asked her before, she would've said hyperness. That might be the case in life, but not in magic. In that case, it was horniness. Yup, horniness. Willow had been very aroused for the rest of the night, and she'd had to use her fingers to bring herself to orgasm three times to even get to sleep. And even *\*thinking\** about masturbating was cause for extreme embarrassment. She tried to think of it as little as possible, which unfortunately, didn't always work.

> <br> Back to the spell again. Willow thought about it as she walked home. < Yep, it's better to do the spell before anyone else finds out what I'm doing. I'll be finished before they can stop me, and once I'm done, there'll be nothing they can do to change it. I'll have Oz again. >

> <br> Willow's step faltered as she remembered something she'd once read. < Once finished, a love spell can't be revoked... >

> <br> < Ridiculous! > She shook off the thought and picked up her pace again. < That can't be right! Wouldn't I have heard about it more than just once if it was true? And besides, that book was totally off. It said vampires aren't real! >

> <br> Relieved, Willow walked a little faster. < Almost home. >

> <br> At the door of her house, Willow took out her key and unlocked it. She shut the door behind her, and ran upstairs into her bedroom.

> <br> Placing the books on her bed, she went downstairs again to get something to snack on while she worked. < This is going to take a while. >

> <br> \*\*\*\*\*

> <br> Several hours later, Willow was tired, cranky, and frustrated. She had carefully examined all but 'Incantations of Love'', and she still hadn't found a single spell she wanted to use. "Everything hurts," she moaned. "My eyes, my head, my butt...even my fingernails! I don't know how it's possible for fingernails to hurt!"

> <br> Willow flipped through her last book when one spell caught her eye. "Hmmm...what about this one?" Bringing the book closer so she could read it easier, she read it aloud. "Guaranteed to bring someone with even the slightest attraction to your feet...but works best if used on an estranged love -- yup, that's Oz! -- this spell is the most powerful of the love spells...I like this! Now, what do I need?

> <br> "Spell calls for:

> <br> 3 candles (red, orange, and dark purple)

> basil <br> rosemary

> licorice <br> 3 ribbons (red, white, and gold)

> small bowl <br> clean white cloth

> <br> "Hmmm...I can do that!"

> <br> Willow scurried around the house, gathering up all her supplies. She found everything she needed -- except the red candle.

> <br> "That's weird. We have a puce candle, a turquoise candle, a rainbow one -- boy my parents are strange -- every colour but red. Oh, wait. Here's a...'Ruby red'? I guess it'll have to do."

> <br> She grabbed the candle, hurried back to her room, and placed all her items on the floor. "Do I have every -- oh! Licorice!"

Opening the desk drawer where she hid her secret stash of candy from Xander, she pulled out a package of Red Vines (tm). "I hope they want red, because that's all I have." She took a strand out and sat down by her supplies.

> <br> "Place candles in a triangle around the small bowl. Place red on top, purple at left, orange at right -- wow, those colours really clash -- light candles.

> <br> "Take basil, rosemary and chopped licorice -- I have to chop it? Maybe bitten chunks will do." Willow chewed the licorice until it was in little pieces. "There. Take basil, rosemary and chopped licorice and place into small bowl. Stir clockwise thirteen times..." she stirred it with her finger. "Now what...oh, darn it, I'm supposed to chant while stirring? I'll just do it again.

> <br> "Ao trait a uma tera afas tado,

> voce deve primeiramenta abrir a porta, <br> para abrir a porta voce necessita primeiramenta o sangue,

> em segunado voce necessita o ar, <br> terceiro voce necessita terra,

> quarto voce necessita o abelo do traviler. <br>

> "Dump mixture onto the cloth, remove bowl and place cloth in center...there we go! Take ribbons and braid together while chanting...the same chant? Yes. Got that." <br>

> "Knot ribbons at both ends. Gather cloth, bringing edges together and tie with braid. Chant again..." <br>

> This time, something strange happened. She began to get dizzy. <br>

> "Ao trait a uma tera afas tado, <br> voce deve primeiramenta abrir a porta,

> para abrir a porta voce necessita primeiramenta o sangue, <br> em

se-se-segunadevoco necessita o ar,  
> terceiro voce necessita terra, <br> quarto voce necessita o abelo do traviler!"  
> <br> As she chanted, unnoticed by her, a bright light shot out of her and split off into two directions, taking all of Willow's energy with it. "So mote it be!" was the last thing she gasped before she collapsed.  
> <br> \*\*\*\*\*  
> <br> Willow would have slept for the rest of the day if it hadn't been for the phone. It's incessant ringing woke her up.  
> <br> Groggily, she crawled over to the phone, shoving aside the burned-down stubs of candles. "H-hello?" she croaked when she picked it up.  
> <br> "Willow? Is that you?"  
> <br> < Buffy, > Willow thought with a mental sigh. "Yes, it's me," she said, preparing to be lectured.  
> <br> "Is something wrong, Willow? You sound horrible. Are you okay?"  
> <br> < Why isn't she...is it possible that Angel actually didn't tell her? > "I'm all right, Buffy. I'm just tired. I was sleeping until the phone rang." < Well, I was, in a way... >  
> <br> "Oh. Sorry I woke you up."  
> <br> "That's okay," Willow said with a sigh. "What's up?"  
> <br> "Um, I wanted to ask you...have you seen Angel? We were supposed to go patrolling, and he didn't show up..." The little blond Slayer sounded worried.  
> <br> "What? But I saw him at the library earlier, and he was--"  
  
> <br> "At the library? When?"  
> <br> "A little after you left. He was looking for you, and I told him you'd gone home."  
> <br> "Wait a minute. He came a little after I left? How? It was still day!"  
> <br> Willow yawned. "He probably came by the sewers. Buffy, I--" she froze. "What was that?"  
> <br> "What was what?"  
> <br> "I just heard a tapping noise at the window...there it is again!"  
> <br> "Willow, don't go outside and see what it is," Buffy warned. "It might not be a vamp. Hold on. I'll be right over."  
> <br> "But Buff--" Click. "Dammit!" Willow slammed down the phone. The tapping noise continued. She turned towards the window.  
> <br> < At least the doors are closed. > The tapping got louder, and she slowly walked towards the window. < This is \*not\* a good idea, Willow... >  
> <br> She stood right in front of the doors. She took a deep breath, then flung them open. When she saw what stood before her, she almost couldn't believe it.  
> <br> "A-angel?"  
> <br> "Willow." Angel stood right outside her French doors.  
> <br> "Angel! Oh gods, what are you doing here? You scared me!" She peered at him closer. He looked...different. "Are you all right?"  
  
> <br> "I'm fine." He paused. "Can I come in?"  
> <br> "..."  
> <br> "Willow?"  
> <br> "Um..." Visions of Angelus danced through her head, but she shrugged them off. "Uh, yeah! Sure! You can come in." She stood back and allowed him to enter. He stepped through.  
> <br> "Thanks," he said, smiling at her.

> <br> Willow nodded. "So why are you here? You were supposed to patrol with Buffy. She's all worried now 'cause you didn't show up."

> <br> "I had something more important to take care of."

> <br> "Oh. Like what?"

> <br> "A demon."

> <br> "A demon," Willow repeated, "Well, Angel, that's nice, but do you think you could be a little more, um, specific?"

> <br> "Don't worry about it, Willow. I've got it taken care of."

> <br> "I see." She looked at him again. "Angel, are you okay? You're even more cryptic than usual. Is something wrong?"

> <br> "Wrong? There's nothing wrong. I feel better than I have in a long time." Angel gave her a blinding smile.

> <br> Willow blinked. "Oh no! Buffy!"

> <br> "What?" Angel got the strangest look on his face. "Where?" He looked around.

> <br> "No, not \*here\*! Well, not yet, anyway. She's coming over. I was talking to her on the phone and I heard a strange noise -- that was you, but I didn't know that then -- and she said she'd come over to check it out. She's going to wonder what you're doing in my room...what \*are\* you doing in my room, anyway?" she asked curiously.

> <br> "Well, I--" Angel was cut off when they both heard Buffy calling up the stairs.

> <br> "Willow! Are you up here?"

> <br> "Don't tell her I was here," Angel said. He paused, grinned, then cupped her chin in his hand and kissed her swiftly. "Thank you," he whispered. The next moment, he was gone.

> <br> Willow gaped after him. "What on earth..."

> <br> "Willow?" Buffy appeared in the doorway. "Are you all right? What's going on?"

> <br> "Buffy?" Willow wasn't in full possession of her senses.

> <br> "Yes, it's me," Buffy said cautiously. "Are you okay? Why are the doors open?"

> <br> "What? Oh! Well, I opened to see what was there. But there was nothing." Willow hated lying to her best friend, but Angel's actions had confused her mightily, and she wanted to think her way through what had transpired with him before she discussed it with Buffy. < Why did he kiss me? >

> <br> "That's strange," Buffy said, looking at her. "Willow, are you sure you're all right? You look a little dazed."

> <br> "Yes! Yes, I'm fine. Just great. Never been better!" Willow said over-enthusiastically.

> <br> "If you're sure," Buffy said skeptically.

> <br> "Yes! I'm sure!" Willow wracked her brain to think something to distract Buffy from prying further. "So...so how went the slaying?"

> <br> "It went all right." Buffy settled down on her bed, obviously preparing for a long gossip fest. "Hardly any vamps, and those I saw all went poof."

> <br> "Great!" Willow sat down on the bed beside her. "Did Giles have any dire prophecies to discuss?"

> <br> "No, actually..." Buffy began expanding on the rest of her night. Willow sat, listening with half an ear, making the appropriate responses, and thinking over what had happened with Angel.

> <br> After Buffy had left, Willow got ready for bed and cleaned up the remains of her spell. "Boy, am I glad Buffy didn't notice this," she muttered. "I'd have a lot of explaining to do. Now what do I do with this satchel-thing?" She read the spellbook again, which said to

put it under her pillow and keep it there until she got what she desired. Sighing, she shoved it under her pillow, then got into bed and went to sleep.

> <br> \*\*\*\*\*

> <br> Spike put down the whip and rubbed his forehead tiredly. He looked at Drusilla, who was chained to the wall and bleeding heavily. Her screams of pain had subsided into moans as she became almost numb. Spike shook his head. He wasn't really into the whole BDSM thing, but if it made Drusilla forget about her 'daddy', well, then he was all for it.

> <br> "Spike..." The vampiress' voice was wavering. "Why did you stop?" She screamed when he took up the whip again and lashed her brutally.

> <br> "I don't believe I gave you permission to speak, Drusilla," he said as he stopped, voice clipped.

> <br> "I'm sorry," he whimpered.

> <br> He nodded stiffly. "I'm going out. Don't move from that position. Do you hear me?"

> <br> "Yes, Spike."

> <br> "Good." He dropped the whip and strode out of the room, ignoring the groveling minions in the hallway.

> <br> He was almost out the front door when a searing bright light hit him. He dropped to his knees, moaning at the pain in his head, then collapsed.

> <br> When Spike opened his eyes again, he was surrounded by minions.

> <br> "Master, are you all right?" one asked, eyes wide.

> <br> Spike stood up and slowly grinned. "Why, yes, I think I am. I feel better than I have in...well, years." He laughed delightedly, and with a dramatic swirl of his duster, swaggered to his car.

> <br> "Where are you going, Master?" Same inquisitive fledgling.

> <br> Without answering, he got in the car and started the engine. Then he rolled down the window and leaned out. "I'm going back to the Hellhole," he said, grinning. "Tell Dru she can find some other pansy to cater to her needs. I'm going home." He revved up the engine, and tires squealing, sped off into the night. The minions stared after the disappearing vehicle in shock.

> <br> Finally, one of them broke the silence. "So, who wants to tell Drusilla?"

> <br> \*\*\*\*\*

> <br> The next day at school was disappointing for Willow. She had made every effort to bump into Oz discreetly--and not so discreetly--but he still ignored her. She couldn't understand it. < Did I do the spell wrong? >

> <br> She swung her backpack on the floor, and plopped down on her bed dejectedly. Then she yelped and jumped back up, rubbing her rear. "That hurt!"

> <br> Willow turned to glare at the cause of her pain, which was the book she had used yesterday. She'd tossed it on her bed that morning, and it had fallen open. She grabbed it and was about to place it on her desk when something caught her eye. "Oh no..." She reread the section frantically, hoping she'd misunderstood.

> <br> But she hadn't. Re-looking over the spell, she found that after repeating the chant for the third time, she'd mispronounced a word. She remembered stumbling over it, turning 'segunadovocÃ©' into 'segunadÃ©voco'. Frantically grabbing her translation dictionary, she looked up the word she had messed up. She just prayed that it wasn't a horribly important one...

> <br> "Oh gods...I am in such big trouble," Willow moaned, tossing

the book aside and placing her head in her hands. That one incorrect words had totally changed the spell around. Instead of re-attracting Oz, the one she loved, she had attracted her enemy!

> <br> "They're going to kill me...Giles, especially. He told me not to get in over my head with magic, and I did! I've got...wait a minute. Who, exactly, do I have attracted to me?"

> <br> She thought about that for a minute, then her face rapidly drained of colour. "Angelus," she whispered, horrified. "That was \*Angelus\* last night, not Angel! I invited Angelus into my house!" She started to panic. "What if he kills my fish? Or my parents? What if he kills \*me\*? I'll...I'll be dead, and then he'll go after Buffy and Giles and Xander and Oz...maybe even Cordelia! Then they'll be dead, and they'll all blame me 'cause I brought Angelus back, and oh my \*god\* what am I going to \*do\*? And...and Angelus \*kissed\* me, and he thanked me...ohhh..." Willow's eyes got wide. "He's \*attracted\* to me! He won't kill me!" She gave a huge sigh of relief.

> <br> But then she realised what that meant.

> <br> "\*Angelus\* is attracted to \*me\*! Not Oz, or even Angel! Angelus! The evil demon guy! With...with no soul and homicidal tendencies, which is bad, because, well, it is. My parent's will \*never\* approve!"

> <br> Willow considered that last statement, then decided it was a stupid thing to say. "Who \*cares\* if my parents don't approve? I've got an evil dead guy in love with me! Well," she admitted, "he \*is\* pretty cute...no! Bad! Wrong! Focus, Rosenberg, focus! What are you going to do?"

> <br> As if in answer, the phone rang. She stared at the ringing machine blankly, then shook her head, snapped out of her daze and picked it up. "Hello?" she said, a desperate note in her voice.

> <br> "Willow?"

> <br> It was Amy. Willow could have sobbed in relief. Amy was an advanced Witch. She would know what to do!

> <br> "Amy," Willow said quickly. "I need your help. I did something really, \*really\* stupid, and now I don't know what to do."

> <br> "Magic involved?" Amy sounded worried.

> <br> "Yes. Very much. You see..." She told Amy about the whole spell deal, what went wrong, and why. When she was done, Amy was quiet for a bit. Then she spoke. "You're in trouble."

> <br> "I \*know\*," the redhead half-wailed. "What can I do? How do I made Angelus not attracted to me?"

> <br> "I don't think you can," Amy told her hesitantly. "I don't think there's a way to reverse it. Love spells almost never have a counter-reaction. You shouldn't have messed with this, Willow. Don't you know that it's practically forbidden to mess with other people's emotions?"

> <br> "I think I took the 'practically forbidden' part and enlarged it to fit my own needs," Willow said glumly. "I don't know what I was thinking. I don't know if I \*was\* thinking!" She began to panic again. "And now I have Angelus in love with me, and Angel's, well, gone, and Buffy's going to kill me, and so's Giles and Xander and--"

> <br> "Willow!" Amy broke in. "Calm down. Panicking won't help."

> <br> "I know, but it makes me feel better," she said miserably. "I'm dead, Amy. I'm so very dead. At least I'm not going to die by Angelus. Just by Buffy."

> <br> Amy sighed. "I need to think on this. I'll call you later, all right?"

> <br> "Okay. Bye."

> <br> "Bye."

> <br> They hung up, and Willow curled up on her bed, clutching her favourite stuffed bear. She still felt exhausted from the spell--< which didn't even work! > she thought bitterly. < I will \*never\* mess with magic again. I always screw up. > She yawned, and closed her eyes for a brief moment. But that brief moment turned into seconds, which stretched into minutes, which went to hours, until the next thing Willow knew was that it was dark, and she was looking at Angelus. He grinned down at her.  
> <br> "Hello, little girl."  
> <br> to be continued...

End  
file.